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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM A SERIES OF UNPUBLISHED TALES, ENTITLED
" TRAITS OF VIRTUE "

THEODORE ROLAND.

— The story I am about to relate is made up of incidents, rather than of adventures, and of course it is the more difficult to give interest to the illustration. During my residence in ****, I became deeply interested in the character of a mere lad, who was an apprentice to a wealthy mechanic in the country village where I lived. I believe this interest originated in the romantic expression of his countenance : but it was daily augmented by personal observation, and the knowledge I accidentally gained of his most singular habits. His master, it seems, had become a resident of the village when this Theodore Roland was about ten years of age. From that time, far from mingling with the lads of the neighborhood, he had sedulously avoided them, and remained alike solitary and peculiar. His industry in his master's service was unparalleled ; and if a holiday was allowed him in common with his fellow apprentices, he immediately sought for employment elsewhere during his allotted hours of freedom. Meanwhile he was never known to expend a particle of the little savings he thus acquired, and the boys in the village generally gave him the nickname of *Hunks*. Indeed, it was natural to suppose that avarice was the real cause of these habits, and yet his fellow apprentices declared, that " when his money was not in danger, he was the most obliging fellow in existence." His countenance, too, was calculated to inspire a strong prepossession in his favour. There was in it something of reserve, which however seemed rather assumed than natural. When an interesting subject was discussed before him, he would lift his dark eye to the speaker, when it would flash with all the brilliancy of an ardent and intelligent spirit. At other times when accident threw him into a scene of hilarity, transient gaiety sometimes lighted up his features, and he then displayed a fund of pointed and original humour. Yet it was only for a moment. A settled shade again passed over his countenance, and he became silent and reserved.— For some time I was utterly unable to form any decided opinion of this unaccountable youth ; yet by some impulse, equally unac-

countable, I was still led on to observe him with the strictest scrutiny. At times, when I saw the pensive fixedness of his features. I would mentally exclaim : Is it possible that so young a spirit can have been so deeply wounded ? No : the idea savoured too much of romance. I knew he was treated with the utmost kindness by his master ; and again I would come to the unwelcome conclusion that his singularities originated in a gloomy temperament, and a heart contracted by the breath of avarice. I was at length convinced that our young *Hunks* was altogether undeserving of the name thus gratuitously bestowed. I know not whether pleasure or surprise was my predominant sensation, when I heard a maimed beggar invoking a blessing on the head of this interesting youth. However, it removed every unfavorable impression, from that time— " Nay, brother, said Caroline, now you are going to be too concise. Let me hear all the particulars of the beggar ; woman listens with interest to the most minute circumstances." Well, then, he was sitting on a bank by the road side when I first saw him, and was at some distance from me. At the same moment I beheld Theodore Roland crossing the adjoining fields and advancing towards him with a hurried step. Bounding like a deer over the intervening fences, he reached the poor wretch, while I was yet some paces distant, and having thrown something in his hat, disappeared in a moment. " God bless you," said the mendicant, " and may you never have to ask for charity !" But Theodore was gone ere the benediction was finished, and I now addressed the miserable man with some inquiries respecting his situation. His story was a " Tale of Sorrow," and his mangled limbs were a mournful attestation of its truth. They had all been broken by a fall from the roof of a building, and after lingering on through months of indescribable suffering, he was begging his way to his native state. " Ah !" said the poor man, as he finished his little narrative, and discovered that he had awakened my compassion, " Ah, Sir, your pity is far more soothing to my feelings than your alms. I sometimes meet with those who bestow neither. Yet God has not forsaken me, and I have abundant reason to be thankful." He then raised himself on his crutches and proceeded some paces on his journey :—when, suddenly turning, he asked, " Do you know the youth, sir, who left me a few minutes ago ?" " Very well," I replied. " Oh, then," he exclaimed, with that wild and

peculiar energy which misfortune gives to the language of her victims, "Oh, then, bear him my thanks; and tell him the recollection of his kindness will be a light on the darkness of my path. I will pray for him when lying on my bed of straw, and God will remember him in the hour of his utmost need." "I will bear your message," I replied "with pleasure, and I rejoice that my young friend has given you assistance." "Oh," said the mendicant, "it is not the alms he has given me, great as is my need: but, like you, sir, he has shewn me pity, and shielded me from the scoffs of his youthful companions." I had insensibly approached him while he was speaking, and without interrupting his story, I motioned him to a seat again on the bank. He still proceeded: "In the village yonder, I passed a number of men, who were erecting a building. I solicited a few cents to purchase a loaf of bread, being faint with hunger. They flung me some pieces of silver, but ere I stooped to pick them up, their bitter taunts awakened my dormant pride, which I hoped affliction had extinguished; and telling them I could not accept their bounty, I turned from them with a swelling heart. At that moment the youth, you saw, sprang from a scaffold where he was at work, and picking up the scattered money, he forcibly put it into my hand. "Do not refuse it," he said; "these men are not so unfeeling as they seem. For myself, I am only an apprentice, but perhaps I shall see you again, and can then add a trifle." He turned from me, and though I could not thank him, I inwardly prayed for his happiness as I proceeded on my weary way. Being fatigued, I sat down here to rest, when I again saw him crossing the fields from the village. He brought me these pieces of silver, and was out of sight ere I could thank him for the unexpected donation. Oh, sir, my thanks are indeed powerless; but the blessing of him that is ready to perish will be recorded in Heaven." I wrung the grateful beggar by the hand, and we separated. Deeply affected by his sufferings, I was still delighted with the active benevolence of Theodore. This, then, said I is the youthful miser, whose imaginary avarice has so deeply stigmatized his name. How silent and secret are the votaries of genuine humanity! From this period I had an ardent desire for a more intimate knowledge of so interesting a character, but my endeavours to obtain it were ineffectual. I was seven years his senior; and yet I posted myself whole days at his elbow, and talked to him with the familiarity of a brother. It was all in vain. I could elicit no symptoms of reciprocal regard, though he always treated me with the most invariable politeness.—Fate at length assisted me. An epidemic fever raged in the village, and Theodore was among the earliest sufferers; I was one of the very few who escaped; and, of course, I was bound in gratitude for so signal a blessing, to devote my

time exclusively to the service of the sick and dying. On visiting Theodore, I found him in a most deplorable situation. His master, with all his family, and a number of apprentices and journeymen, were lying all in the same house; and scanty indeed was the attention that a hireling nurse paid to either. But Theodore, who lay in a remote apartment, was utterly neglected. I found him alone, in all the delirious agony of a scorching fever, calling for water, and dashing his vials of medicine in pieces. I now stationed myself in his room and paid him every necessary attention. His fever, which was very violent, soon reached its crisis, and after some hours of painful suspense, I had the satisfaction of hearing that he was on the recovery. He had an excellent constitution, and now recovered rapidly. His gratitude for my care was unbounded, and his speaking eye now followed me with the most flattering expression of attachment. Medicine being no longer necessary, I sometimes left him to attend the other invalids of the village; and having one day been absent some hours, I found him on my return, lying dressed and senseless on the floor. Inexpressibly shocked, I used every exertion to restore him, and soon succeeded. "Theodore," said I, "what have you been doing? Why do I find you thus?" "Pardon me, my friend," he replied; "I have been imprudent, but I thought myself much stronger. I had a duty to perform—a letter to finish—I rose for the purpose of writing." "Well, I said, you are now apprised of your weakness and must be more prudent hereafter: at present you must not exhaust yourself by speaking." The next morning he called me to his bedside, and observing that he could now confide every thing to my friendship, he told me that he had yet another favor to ask, which by tranquillizing his feelings would certainly accelerate his recovery. "I begun a letter to my father," continued he, "the evening I was taken ill, and am now unable to finish it. It is a long time since I have written to my beloved parent, as I wished to make out a little sum of money which I intended to enclose. I had just accomplished it, and cannot bear to defer the transmittal of it any longer. Will you finish my letter? You can imitate my hand, and my father may remain ignorant of my illness." "I will do it immediately," I replied, and was rising for that purpose, when he again detained me. "The situation of my poor father," he continued, "is peculiarly painful. Oh, my friend, though I can disguise nothing from you, yet even now, when excessive debility blunts every other feeling, I cannot, without pain, tell you that my father is a pauper." Theodore uttered this with an effort that brought a crimson flush over his pale cheek—but it soon passed away, and he proceeded: "My father was once affluent; but the wheel of fortune is continually revolving, and ere I had attained my ninth year, he was

reduced to the possession of a small farm. This, however, would have been enough, had misfortune pursued him no farther; but his cup of affliction was to be completely full. He buried my mother, to whom he was most tenderly attached; and before the balm of time had in any degree reconciled him to this afflictive dispensation, a fall from his horse shattered his leg in so miserable a manner, that after months of lingering torment, it was at length amputated. During this season of suffering, he was under the necessity of contracting debts, which he had no means of discharging but by selling his farm. This was done, and physicians, nurses, &c. were fortunately paid to the uttermost farthing. The consummation of his trials was now at hand. The house he was preparing to leave took fire, and the remnant of his little property was wholly destroyed. My father had, that fatal day, sent me some distance on an errand. It was late at night when I returned, and the house was then in flames. I rushed in, and with a preternatural strength, for I was scarcely turned of nine, I dragged my poor father from his bed and supported him through the flames. Long suffering had rendered his sleep profound; and not having expected my return till morning, he looked upon it all as a frightful dream. We were scarcely in safety when the flames raged in every direction. I would have re-entered the house, but my father forcibly withheld me. Our neighbors came running, but their proffered assistance was unavailing: the roof had fallen in. We were now thrown on the world, and my sick, helpless and degraded father was, soon after this, literally sold by the county to the lowest bidder.

"Where is the mercy of that cold blooded policy, which, in providing for the poor, reduces them to the standard of the brute creation? Is poverty a reproach, that its wretched victims are thus trampled in the dust, and deprived of that proud consciousness of equality, which alone can render life supportable? This indeed is breaking the bruised reed. By proceeding in a manner less agonizing to his feelings, my father might, perhaps, in a short time have been restored to perfect health, and thereby enabled to obtain a livelihood for himself. But alas! his spirit, already weighed down by accumulated sorrows, was now broken forever. He became a confirmed invalid, and has for years looked forward to death as his only source of relief. I was his youngest and only surviving child, and till now, had been the darling solace of all his actions; but the soothing attentions of his son were no longer permitted. I was bound by the county to my present master, who, though a resident of — at that time, emigrated to this place a few months after. Since then, the recollection of my unhappy parent embitters every enjoyment of my life. He is continually pre-

sent to my imagination, pale, emaciated, desponding and degraded. Happily he is in the care of a very worthy man, who treats him with respect and tenderness. Unwilling to see a fellow creature thrown on the doubtful humanity of those mercenary wretches who speculate on the sufferings of the pauper, he voluntarily accepted the scanty pittance allowed for my father's support; while he has proved the purity of his motives by the most undeviating attentions. Attentions, indeed, with which his pecuniary reward is by no means commensurate. For myself, by the assistance of a most excellent master, I am enabled occasionally to remit him a trifling sum; and I look forward to the time when my beloved parent shall be a pensioner no longer on public or private charity. But I must be patient," added Theodore after a pause, and he looked with a languid and mournful smile at his yellow and emaciated hands. "The power is with God, and he chasteneth whom he receiveth." Almost exhausted, he now directed me in what manner to finish his letter, and evinced much satisfaction when it was completed.

After this he grew extremely impatient of confinement. His master still continued dangerously ill, and Theodore panted to be at his bed side. He submitted to my expostulations no longer than absolute necessity enforced, and taking his station in his master's room while yet an invalid himself, he obstinately refused to leave it, but remained constantly at the pillow of his suffering friend, watching his every look and motion, administering his medicines, and guarding his slumbers. This care was rewarded; his master recovered, and he had the satisfaction of hearing him declare that he owed his life, in a great measure, to the attention of Theodore.

He had now passed the age of twenty, and eagerly anticipated the fulfilment of his indentures. The expected moment arrived, and desirous of participating his delight, I called on my young friend to offer him my congratulations. He was in deep conversation with his master, and both were evidently affected. Theodore grasped my hand convulsively, and left the room; while his master, after some common-place observations, at length remarked that the apprentice he had just lost might redeem the moral character of the age. "By the condition of his indenture," said he, "I am now bound to furnish him with a set of tools and wearing apparel to a certain amount. He has just told me, that for half the stipulated value he will renounce all further claim, as that will enable him to make provision for an old and helpless parent, till he can procure more by serving as a journeyman. However, I shall take no advantage of his noble nature; he shall have the money, but shall make no sacrifice."

A few evenings after this, Theodore entered my apartment; his eye was humid, his

cheeks flushed, and his voice tremulous. "I come (he said) to bid you farewell. I am going to remove the cloud of shame from the remaining years of my father. My generous master has enabled me to place him in a comfortable situation for some months, and industry, I trust, will amply replenish my means. Your kindness," he continued after a pause, but I now interrupted him—"When (said I) do you leave us?" "By to-morrow's dawn." "I have long wished (resumed I) to visit the neighboring states;—postpone your journey one day, and I will accompany you." "My friend (said Theodore) I need not tell you how much I prize your society—but my father—Oh, sir, he would be one day longer a pauper." "Noble youth," I exclaimed, embracing him, "for thousands I would not prolong that resolution one moment. But I will be your companion nevertheless. I do not regard trifling inconveniences, and I will be ready to accompany you by the dawn of day."—Theodore pressed my hand with evident pleasure, but a moment after he suddenly asked, "but are you apprized that I go on foot?" "So much the better, (I replied) a pedestrian is the most independent of all travellers. Free from the incumbrance of equipage, he can pause at pleasure to indulge the fancy of the poet, or the speculations of the philosopher."

(Concluded in our next)

FROM THE SYRACUSE GAZETTE.

A VILLAGE TALE.

Situated in a delightful hollow, surrounded on the east and west side by stupendous and lofty hills, lies a beautiful village, a few miles from this place. The traveller on approaching this romantic place, is delighted with the surrounding objects that strike his sight. As far as the eye can reach, he beholds a charming country, interspersed with hills and vallies, with rising villages springing up on their summits, or located at their base, and with purling streams meandering through dark forests which stretch beyond, emptying into the small lakes which sparkle in little billows at a distance. The towering steeples of the churches in every direction, present their white spires above the tall trees, which the taste of the inhabitants has left to ornament these miniature inland cities, which are destined perhaps, at some future period of the world, to be the abode of philosophers and statesmen, heroes and sages, and emporiums of wealth and commerce from the benefits of our artificial Mediterranean sea, which winds its course through the country. Contentment seems to pervade the bosoms of the industrious and enterprising inhabitants around, and undisturbed by the bustle of larger places, uninterrupted tranquillity generally reigns. Through this romantic hollow, runs the great turnpike from Albany to Buffalo: the beautiful village alluded to,

lines its sides through the valley, presenting the taste of architecture, from the rude log house to the splendid mansion.

It was in the summer of eighteen hundred and —, that a stranger came to reside in this village for a short time: his appearance was such that carried with it the character of one who had seen the world; his conversation denoted a mind stored with intelligence; accomplished in his manners, his carriage was easy; polite and affable to every one, whom chance threw in his way, his pleasing manner, together with insinuating address, soon attracted the notice of the young society in the vicinity. Limited, however, as society generally is, in such places, frequent balls and parties of the young people took place. It was at one of these pleasant meetings, that the beautiful and accomplished Eliza first beheld this stranger. His attention and flattering addresses, pleased and fascinated her. She was the pride of her parents, and an only daughter, on whom they lavished every expense which a boarding school education required. She was truly the loveliest of the fair, and one on whom nature had bestowed with art every thing that is calculated to adorn a female. An only brother, whose pride was wound up with that of his sister's welfare, at this period was absent; and she had no protector or keen observer of the wolf in sheep's clothing, who, with an eagle eye was watching his unsuspecting sister. Her frequent interviews with the stranger at balls and parties, and his attention bestowed on her, led to repeated calls at her father's house, where he was seemingly received by her parents in a friendly manner. Being of a lively turn, his company was particularly agreeable to her, and in a short time acquaintance ripened into a more tender feeling. Aware, however, of the difficulty in gaining her parents' consent in marriage, the stranger had palmed himself upon them and the public as a gentleman of fortune and respectability, whose connexions lived in New-England, and was daily in expectation of receiving remittances from them. By all the arts which a consummate villain could invent, he ingratiated himself as much as possible into the good graces of the parents, until at length he determined on making an application for uniting with their daughter. He had previously, however, obtained from the fair Eliza her consent, and flattered himself that his prize was secure.—His application, however, was refused, and the villain's plans frustrated. Stung with resentment, he now left the place, and took his residence in another county, where secretly a correspondence was kept up between her and himself; and through the agency of some friend, whom his consummate art had duped, an arrangement was made for her to elope from her parents and be united. Accordingly he made his appearance, and took her from her dwelling at midnight, to a neighboring

village where they were united in the holy bands of wedlock. The next morning her parents finding that she was missing, immediately took measures to pursue, and if possible prevent what they too truly imagined would be the result. They were found, and she was entreated to return home; but she totally refused unless her husband was allowed to accompany her. This was objected to, and with tears they bid her adieu. She accompanied her husband to a neighboring county, placing implicit reliance on his honor. But alas! she was yet to learn the true character of the man she had thus rashly connected herself with.

Her brother who had been absent, returned about this time, and was made acquainted with the circumstances of her elopement. Rage and indignation filled his bosom; and he trembled for the fate of his sister. He denounced vengeance against the villain who had by intrigue seduced her from the bosom of her parents, and regretted that she whom he so tenderly loved, should so far deviate from the strict rules of propriety, as to consent to a clandestine marriage with a person whom no one knew. Inquiries were immediately set on foot, to ascertain his true character; when it was soon found that he was a married man, with a wife living in the southern states. Measures were taken to apprehend him, but he eluded his pursuers and fled to Canada, leaving her whom he had so solemnly pledged to protect and support, to mourn the seducing wiles of the villain man. Abandoned by her husband, she returned to that home, which but a few weeks before, at the dead hours of the night, she had forsaken, with high expectations of enjoying happiness with the man of her choice.

The whole village sensibly felt for this interesting fair one, who had by one inconsiderate act, overstepped the bounds of reason, and planted a thorn in her breast, which the lapse of time could not remove. By the hand of a wretch made miserable, her tears are unable to wash away the blot which in the eyes of the world sullied her character; otherwise, in every other respect bright and untarnished.

This drooping flower of the village, on her prospects in life being blighted by a wretch, who had thus deceived her, decayed gradually, until she sunk into the grave, a victim of inconsideration and rashness in forsaking her parents, whose aching hearts and mournful looks evinced the anguish of their feelings, on beholding their hopes and expectations crushed by the conduct of her they had so fondly loved, nourished and cherished. Her despicable deceiver has as yet escaped the merited punishment of so infamous an act. But the justice of heaven must sooner or later overtake such a murderer, worse than the midnight assassin or the bold and daring desperado.

ALMANZOR.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

FROM THE RICHMOND COMPILER.

Mexican Sketches—By a Citizen of Richmond.

VALENCIANA—ITS MINES.

On the summit of a mountain is a small fort, commanding the village of Valenciana and entrance to it. There is a handsome church here built by the owners of the celebrated mine of Valenciana, at the expense of \$600,000. The population of the village is about 400. The mine is said not only to be the most extensive one in Mexico, but the largest in the world. Yet the owners have ceased working it for a considerable time, in consequence of the quantity of water that has arisen in it; and during my visit here, there was only one vein which could be worked without encountering the water. The vein led under the church, in consequence of which they would not work it, for fear of undermining that building: (a rare example indeed! of the respect paid by the love of wealth to the interests of the church.) Shortly after my arrival in the village from Guanajuato I found myself in the midst of a crowd of persons who increased on leaving the house of the Administrator for the mine to which we repaired. I was shown the different mouths or entrances, four in number, and the wells up which the ore is drawn by machinery worked by mules. The principal well, I was informed, was 630 *varas* (a measure about 2 1-2 inches less than our yard) perpendicularly deep, and that about two thirds of it was filled with water at that time. This is walled up with stone in an octagon, and is probably 18 to 15 feet in diameter. The entrances are closed by doors. The administrator (or superintendent) had several large bundles of hay brought, and after being lighted were cast down the principal well, by which I had a good view of it to the water. Several large stones were also cast down, the striking of which against the sides, and falling into the water, produced a considerable noise not unlike distant thunder. All the buildings and fixtures belonging to this extensive mine were burnt during Gen. Mina's visit to this section of country; the replacing of which, I was informed, cost a million and a half of dollars. These buildings were not set fire to by Mina nor by his orders, as has been stated by some; and in corroboration of this, I had it from one of Gen. Mina's officers, that they were burnt by a Creole Colonel of Gen. Mina, whilst the General was at Guanajuato. The administrator showed me a map of the interior of this mine. I was surprised to find the numerous avenues intersecting each other like the streets of a city. A person had attempted to pass through all these avenues in the shortest pos-

sible time, and it had never been completed under eight days.

I was informed, that for several years in succession, the produce of this mine had amounted to \$4,000,000; and the cost of labor and other expenses to \$36,000 per month—and that upwards of \$100,000,000 have been taken from this mine alone. When in operation, there were about 200 laborers employed at this mine; generally 1000 men underground and about 500 women above in separating the ore, &c. The Count of Valenciana is the principal owner of this mine. He resides in the city of Mexico; but is blind.—This is one of the mines which the English Company have undertaken since my visit to the country; but they will have to labor under much inconvenience on account of fuel, which has to be brought a considerable distance on the backs of asses, and consists of wood and charcoal. (It appears by the very last accounts from London that the stock of the Mexican Mine Company has *risen* from 70*l.* to 700*l.*)

MINE OF MARAVILLA.

I visited this mine after my arrival at Guanajuato previous to that of Valenciana. This was the principal one *in operation* at that time in the vicinity, and lies to the right of the road from Guanajuato to Valenciana. In company with several of the natives and preceded by two laborers who carried each a torch constructed for the purpose, I descended this mine by rugged steps in the still more rugged rocks and by perpendicular ladders to the distance as they informed me, of about 800 varas, but not perpendicularly. I had opportunities of seeing the miner at work more than an hundred feet below me, each with a small candle stuck against the roots; and on viewing this spectacle and hearing the sound of the hammer and chisel so far below me and so deep in the bowels of the earth, I cannot describe my sensations. There are many men and women employed at this mine, and I found those above ground employed in various ways, some breaking the large rocks of ore to pieces with sledge hammers, some separating the large pieces from the small, the good from the bad, having several different qualities, which were put in many piles or heaps. This mine has also water in some parts of it. The ore is drawn up by machinery worked by mules or horses, in large panniers or baskets composed of ox hides. On every Saturday, the ore taken out during the week is sold at auction, which is conducted after a singular manner. When the lot is offered, each purchaser goes to the salesman and whispers in his ear the price he will give, and no one knows the bid of another, except of him who makes the highest bid, who is proclaimed the purchaser at the named price. I endeavored to convince many of them of the advantage of making the

bids public and giving an opportunity for competition, but they seemed to feel no disposition to be convinced.

These parcels are sold at so much for the usual mule load, for the quintal or the lot. I saw a lot containing less than three quintals, which was the selection of the proceeds of the week, sell for \$372. The day I attended, the sales amounted to upwards of \$1000, and some weeks they have amounted to \$9000.

MINE OF CALA.

I also visited this mine which is a few minutes walk from the former, and descended it for a considerable distance. I found this and the former well ventilated, and rather cooler than at the surface. I visited two of the Haciendas, which are establishments for extracting and finding the silver, and had an opportunity of seeing the whole process, which is as follows. The ore after being taken to the Hacienda, is placed on platforms where the pieces are beaten very fine by means of pestles worked by mules. From this it is taken to a cistern of 4 to 6 feet wide and 2 deep, having an upright axle to which are fastened four large stones at right angles and reaching across the cistern, and here the pulverised ore is combined with water and ground by mules which turn this axle with the stones attached. From this it is conveyed to the *patio* or platform of flat stones and very level and well laid down, where this mortar is trodden by mules. In this mortar is mixed quicksilver and *magistral*, which last appears to be composed of copper ore and sulphuret of iron (or copperas) and produces considerable heat by the addition of water.

In some instances I understand that salt and also lime are added. This mass, after having been sufficiently trodden by the mules, is suffered to remain some time on the platform; after which it is taken to tables, which are wide sloping at an angle of 45 degrees, where it is placed on the upper part of the table, and water thrown on it till all the dirt is washed away from the metal. The remainder consisting of metal and particles of sand, is then put into the furnace with lead, and the heat is kept up to boiling. The lead remains on the top of the silver from which it is separated and then the silver is taken out to cool, after which it is sent to the mint to be coined, or run into bars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

Anecdote of Gen. Jackson.—When the British fleet arrived off New-Orleans, in December 1814, previous to Packenham's landing his army, the Admiral of the fleet sent his compliments to Gen. Jackson, and informed him that he (the Admiral) would do himself

the honor of eating his Christmas dinner in New-Orleans. "May be so," replied Old Hickory; "but I shall do myself the honor of sitting at the head of the table."

Ingenuity of love—The following ingenious contrivances was adopted by a couple of lovers not long since. The young lady who was of a highly respectable family, having formed an attachment contrary to the inclination and intention of her father, the lovers were at a loss how to carry on their correspondence; at length, aided by the father's hairdresser, no unusual agent of Cupid, they adopted the following mode of communicating by letter, and escaping the vigilant eye of the watchful parent; and singular as it may appear, the old gentleman's wig was made the medium of carrying her letters: attached to his wig he wore a bag; this the young lady used to take off every night when he called for his night-cap, and here she never failed to find a billet, which had been previously deposited there by the hairdresser, and which the father had carried about all day. She had thus always time to peruse her letter, and replace it with an answer, which was in due course taken away by the barber on the following morning, and delivered to the lover. This mode of corresponding enabled them to arrange and effect an elopement, and they were, some time since, married at Gretna-Green. On their return, the father adopted the old proverb "what can't be cured must be endured!" The lady was pardoned her indiscretion, and they are now living happily under the sanction of the lady's parents, and the wig is now preserved as a sacred relic.—*English Paper.*

An Irish officer of dragoons, on hearing, while in France, that his mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, there is that mother of mine married again! I hope she will not have a son older than me, for if she has, I shall be cut out of my estate!"

A man having some business with a magistrate, who was an auctioneer, gave much offence by neglecting to call him his Worship; for which he received a severe rebuke. Soon after he constantly attended the Justice's sales, bidding for almost every lot 'three pence your Worship—sixpence your Worship, which caused such scenes of laughter at the auctioneer's expense, that he was glad to give him ten guineas never to attend his sales any more.

Close Preaching.—A Scotch preacher in England, having one day lectured his audience severely for their drowsy habits at church, one of his congregation met him a day or two after, and complained of the severity of his censures—reminded him that he ought to look at home, for his own wife was observed to be

sound asleep almost every Sunday—"What?" said he, "does my Jenny sleep in sermon time? I will keep my eyes upon her in future." He did so, indeed; and the next Sunday, soon after the introduction of his discourse, his wife was seen to continue nodding, till she fell in a deep sleep. Stopping suddenly in the midst of his discourse, and turning his eyes directly upon his slumbering companion, he vociferated three times in a louder and louder tone—"Janny! Janny!! Janny!!!" She started from her drowse, while, with a voice which must have awakened attention, he expostulated thus: "My dear," said he, "I dinna marry ye for riches, for ye had none—I dinna marry ye for beauty, as a' the congregation may witness—an' if ye had na grace, I made but a poor bargain on't!"

Smoking.—"What harm is there in a pipe?" says young Puffwell. "None, that I know of," replies his companion, "except that smoking induces drinking—drinking induces intoxication—intoxication induces the bile—bile induces the jaundice—jaundice leads to dropsy—dropsy terminates in death. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

SUMMARY.

Cannal Coal has been discovered on the Savannah river above Augusta; also some very fine ochres and clays.

The completion of the new theatre at Albany is announced, and that the arrival of the manager and the company is all that is necessary to open it.

A machine for spinning wool has been invented by Gilbert Brewster, of Connecticut, which, it is said, can be constructed at a fourth of the expense of those now in use; besides causing a saving of labor of at least 60 per cent.

The legislature of Lower Canada has authorized the payment of five hundred pounds sterling, to any person who shall within three years cause a steamboat of 500 tons, or upwards, to be regularly navigated between Quebec and Halifax.

Three lads members of the Lansingburgh Academy, were lately poisoned by eating *water hemlock*, supposing it to be the spikenard root; two of them died soon after eating it, the other has recovered.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. King, WILLIAM HENRY COFFIN, Esq. Post-Master of this city, to Miss MARY-ANN GARDNER, daughter of Gayer Gardner, Esq.

In Claverack, on Thursday last by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Capt. GEORGE SMITH, to Miss CATHARINE REED, both of this city.

DIED,

At New Lebanon, on the 2d inst. Mrs. ——— WARREN, aged 105 years lacking 20 days.

In this city, the 3d inst. CATHERINE-JANE, daughter of Col. JACOB D. CLUTE, aged one year and eight months.

On the same day, an infant son of Mr. STEPHEN DEUEL, in the 2d year of his age.

On the 13th instant Mr. SAMUEL STOCKING in the 68th year of his age.

On the same day Mr. ENOCH YATES.

On the 12th inst. Mr. JOHN BEEBE, formerly of Chatham.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
LINES,
ON VISITING THE PLACE OF MY BIRTH, AFTER
AN ABSENCE OF MANY YEARS.

*"I came, but they have pass'd away—
The fair in form, the pure in mind,
And like a stricken deer I stray,
Where all are strange and none are kind."*

I stand and gaze—but ah! the cot
Is now decaying, drear;
It tells of joys remember'd not
Save with the falling tear;
It tells of hopes for ever fled,
It tells of former friends now dead,
Some far away—some near;
It tells of joys for ever gone
Which I am left to mourn alone.

That place in which my youth was pass'd
Is desolate and lone;
How chang'd from when I saw it last
For each lov'd friend had gone:
My parents sank with weight of years
With no kind friend to sooth their tears,
Or o'er their tombs to mourn—
And in two smaller graves near by,
My sisters slumber peacefully.

The wild rose standing near their tombs
Attracts my wand'ring eye,
For on each bough are many blooms
In sweet simplicity.
But none save me sought where they slept,
And none but me above them wept
And no one gave a sigh,—
But as the wind pass'd over them
It seem'd to chant their requiem.

I view the home of time long past,
Now fallen in decay—
And something whispers in the blast,
"My friends! Oh! where are they?"
I list again and all is still
Save where the mournful whippoor-will
Sends forth her plaintive lay.—
I list again, and its voice has done
And I'm left weary, sad and lone.

Ah! who can pass where he has been
In youth, and not descry
A solemn silence in the scene,
That tells of misery:
In childhood we are blythe and gay,
But time will chase each hope away,
And bid each pleasure flee;
We sail a day upon life's wave,
Then fall forgotten in the grave.

HENRY.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

I ask not beauty—'tis a gleam
That tints the morning sky—
I ask not learning—'tis a stream
That glides unheeded by.
I ask not wit—it is a flash,
That oft blinds reason's eye—
I ask not gold—'tis glittering trash,
That causes man to sigh.

I ask good sense—a taste refined,
Candour, with prudence blended—
A feeling heart, a virtuous mind
With chastity attended.

A PARODY ON THE ABOVE.

I ask for beauty—'tis a gleam,
That cheers a lover's eye—
I ask for learning—'tis a beam
That gilds life's troubled sky.
I ask for wit—it is a flash,
That brightens beauty's eye—
I ask for gold—tho' glittering trash,
'Twill soften many a sigh.
I ask good sense, a taste refined,
With wit and learning blended;
A feeling heart, a virtuous mind,
A wife, with gold attended.

Can I forget or cease to love thee?
Yes, when the sun forgets to rise,
Or when the fadeless stars above thee
Forget to shine, or leave the skies.
Yes, when the magnet, faithless never,
Does to the pole forget to turn;
When virtue and thy soul shall sever,
This heart for thee shall cease to burn.

EPIGRAMS.

Said Tom to Sam, 'dear friend I'm bound,
To see your fortune through;
Sam lent his wealth to Tom and found,
The rogue had spoken true.

OUT OF SPIRITS.

"Is my wife out of spirits!" said John, with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning;
"Quite out, sir, indeed," said the maid in reply,
"For she finish'd her BOTTLE this morning!"

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Woman.

PUZZLE II.—A hawk's eye, A lion's heart, and a
Lady's hand.

PUZZLE III.—He was a Roman (row-man.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What noun is that most admired by the ambitious?

II.

What net is most certain to catch a handsome wife?

III.

When Slander's busy tongue, in ancient times,
Aspers'd your beauties with imputed crimes,
Ladies, your valorous knight in blazon'd arms,
I hurl'd defiance to protect your charms.
When in bright rank and file you throng the ball,
And music echoes through the bowers or hall,
Ere in gay tumult join the jocund bands,
I gently press you by your lily hands.
When cold December gems the morn with dew,
And fair Maria leads the hunter's crew,
As with sweet voice she cheers the flying steed,
I hold the rein that checks and guides his speed.

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